

THE DICKENSIAN

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and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

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WHEN FOUND—

WITH the present number *The Dickensian* completes its second year, and has met with the same appreciative reception accorded it during the previous volume. Our efforts have always been to make it as full of variety as practicable, both on the literary and on the artistic side, and we trust readers have had no cause for complaint in either direction. To those contributors who have made this possible we beg to tender our grateful thanks. Throughout the forthcoming year we hope to publish many interesting articles and illustrations.

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Readers of the late George Gissing's "critical study" of Dickens will recall that in the last chapter he asserted that Dickens "was never in his intentions democratic," that indeed Dickens was neither a Radical nor a Democrat, but in reality a Conservative. This is not a political paper, but every phase of Dickens's life and works and thoughts is entitled to be dealt with in *The Dickensian*, and so we may say that we have never agreed with this assertion of the author of the best criticism of Dickens extant. Basing our judgment on his writings alone, we hold that beyond any doubt whatever he was a Radical and a Democrat.

* * *

Now whether the Conservatives of his birthplace agree with Gissing, or whether they are gifted with a sense of humour that would have delighted Boz himself, we do not attempt to decide; but certain it is that they have recently opened a Habitation of the Primrose League in that town and called it the "Charles Dickens" Habitation. Dominie Sampson's favourite ejaculation rises to our lips involuntarily—"Pro-di-gious!"

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During the present year one of the attractive features of *The Dickensian* has been the different wrapper designs each month. These, as we stated in the January issue, are reproductions of the covers especially drawn by "Phiz" for "The People's Edition" published during 1865-7. There were thirteen in all, and we shall use the last one in our next number. Throughout 1907 we shall reproduce covers from various other sources unfamiliar to the ordinary reader.

* * *

In writing the last word for the year may we send to all readers and contributors the heartiest Christmas and New Year's greetings in the words of Dickens himself:—

"Reflect upon your present blessings—of which every man has many—not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some. Fill your glass again with a merry face and contented heart. Our life on it, but your Christmas shall be merry and your New Year a happy one."

THE EDITOR.

THE APOSTLE OF CHRISTMAS

By J. W. T. LEY

DICKENS and Christmas are well-nigh synonymous words; they are, at any rate, inseparable. Beyond question, it was Charles Dickens who gave us Christmas as we understand it to-day. It is true that if we are to credit Washington Irving, what is universally called the "Dickens Christmas" existed before *Pickwick* was written. Certainly it existed before the days of Charles I, but the advent of Puritanism seems to have given it the death-blow, and we find that in the time of Pepys Christmas Day was not a red-letter day. He went to church and practised on his viol, and ate mince-pies and English beef, but there is no record of "such dinings, blindman's buffings, theatre-goings," etc., as Dickens describes. Here is a typical extract from his diary:—

"To dinner alone with my wife, who, poor wretch! sat undressed all day till ten at night, altering and lacing of a noble petticoat, while I by her, making the boy read to me the Life of Julius Cæsar and Des Cartes' book of Music."

There is no reason, however, why Irving should not have the credit of being the pioneer in the revival of what we still call the "old-fashioned Christmas." But even when this much is conceded, the indisputable fact remains that Dickens did more than any other man to popularize the season of goodwill.

One writer has wondered "how it was, and where it was, that a poor and friendless boy, whose earlier years were so full of hardships and privations, could have contrived to find all his tender and delicate associations"; and surely, when we remember the story of Dickens's childhood, it is a matter for wonder. Those who have read that scrap of autobiography in Forster's *Life* find it difficult to believe that Boz had any actual personal recollections of Christmas such as he describes again and again, yet we find him halting in the midst of the boisterous, rollicking fun of *Pickwick* to say:—

"We write these words now many miles distant from the spot at which year after year we met on that day, a merry and joyous circle! Many of the hearts that throbbed so gaily then have ceased to beat! Many of the looks that shone so brightly then have ceased to glow; the hands we grasped have grown cold; the eyes we sought have hid their lustre in the grave; and yet the old house, the room, the merry voices, smiling faces, the jest, the laugh, the most minute and trivial circumstances connected with those happy meetings, crowd upon our minds at each recurrence of the season, as if the last assemblage had been but yesterday."

It has been suggested—and reasonably enough—that this was a memory of a Christmas at the original of Dingley Dell—Cobtree, Kent—but it is difficult to believe that Dickens could recall many such Christmases when he was twenty-five years old. May it not be that, imbued with the "truth and beauty of the Christian religion," the true sentiment of Christmas appealed instinctively to him? It is easy to understand that for the author of *Pickwick* the romance of the old-fashioned Christmas should have had an irresistible fascination. The snow-laden ground, the crisp, invigorating, frosty air, the roaring fire,

the shining holly, the suggestive mistletoe, the steaming pudding—all these things must have appealed to his sense of romance; but his Christmas is always something more than a revel. It is with him, as it was with Scrooge's nephew, "a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they



THE KISS UNDER THE MISTLETOE

From a drawing by "Phiz," executed for the first cheap edition of *The Pickwick Paper* (1847) and used in "The National Edition"

really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys."

Certainly, no man ever better understood the spirit of Christmas. The following words appear in *The Haunted Man*, but they may be quoted as unquestionably expressing Dickens's own conception of the true spirit of the great Christian festival:—

"Christmas is a time in which, of all times in the year, the memory of every remediable sorrow, and wrong, and trouble in the world

around us should be active within us, not less than our own experiences, for all good."

Ruskin brought a very sweeping indictment against Dickens. It was contained in a letter (I believe) which he wrote shortly after the novelist's death; and among other things he asserted that "his (Dickens's) Christmases meant mistletoe and pudding—neither resurrection from the dead, nor rising of new stars, nor teaching of wise men, nor shepherds." That Ruskin was always reliable as a literary critic may be open to question—for surely he was wide of the mark when he said that *Hard Times* was Dickens's best book?—and here his judgment was grievously at fault. It is difficult to understand such an expression of opinion coming from any man who had read the *Carol* or the *Chimes*. These two books alone may be instanced in refutation of such an assertion.

Surely it needs no special depth of insight to see that the one lesson which Dickens unfailingly associated with the Christmas season was the lesson of faith and hope; unselfishness and love—the lesson which Christ Himself came on earth to teach?

His claim to the title of "The Apostle of Christmas" cannot be disputed. To quote his biographer: "Its life and spirits, its humour in riotous abundance, of right belonged to him. Its imaginations, as well as its kindly thoughts, were his; and its privilege to light up with some sort of comfort the squalidest places, he had made his own." By means of his writings he cast a halo round Christmas. Hearts that had long been impenetrable to the influences of kindly feeling and generosity yielded to his magic touch. And the savour of his good work is not lost. As Christmas comes round his name is on every one's lips, and the work which he did is recalled with gratitude wherever the English language is spoken.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

XXIV

ON HIS "CHRISTMAS CAROL"

"The last two people I heard speak of it were women; neither knew the other, or the author, and both said by way of criticism, 'God bless him!'"—THACKERAY.

AND God did bless him: if the prayers and tears
Of countless thousands, if the knowledge sure
Of heart uplift: or strengthened to endure
Have aught of blessing: Surely he who cheers
The mournful heart, bids fly the sick man's fears,
Is blest: Thrice blest, a Prophet of the Poor.
In darksome den and squalid slum obscure
He shows a world of love wherein appears
The way to God. Not in the lone hermit cell,
In nature—worship—stately rite—stern creed—
But through the human heart he loved so well.
His voice is hushed, and yet in heaven indeed,
Angelic hosts might pause to hear him tell
Of "Tiny Tim" or "Paul" or "Little Nell."

W. M. THACKERAY.

A DECEMBER VISION*

By CHARLES DICKENS

I SAW a mighty Spirit, traversing the world without any rest or pause. It was omnipresent, it was all-powerful, it had no compunction, no pity, no relenting sense that any appeal from any of the race of men could reach. It was invisible to every creature born upon the earth, save once to each. It turned its shaded face on whatsoever living thing, one time; and straight the end of that thing was come. It passed through the forest, and the vigorous tree it looked on shrunk away; through the garden, and the leaves perished and the flowers withered; through the air, and the eagles flagged upon the wing and dropped; through the sea, and the monsters of the deep floated, great wrecks, upon the waters. It met the eyes of lions in their lairs, and they were dust; its shadow darkened the faces of young children lying asleep, and they awoke no more.

It had its work appointed; it inexorably did what was appointed to it to do; and neither sped nor slackened. Called to, it went on unmoved, and did not come. Besought, by some who felt that it was drawing near, to change its course, it turned its shaded face upon them, even while they cried and they were dumb. It passed into the midst of palace chambers, where there were lights and music, pictures, diamonds, gold and silver; crossed the wrinkled and the grey, regardless of them; looked into the eyes of a bright bride; and vanished. It revealed itself to the baby on the old crone's knee, and left the old crone wailing by the fire. But, whether the beholder of its face were, now a King, or now a labourer, now a Queen, or now a seamstress; let the hand it palsied, be on the sceptre, or the plough, or yet too small and nerveless to grasp anything; the Spirit never paused in its appointed work, and, sooner or later, turned its impartial face on all.

I saw a Minister of State, sitting in his Closet; and, round about him, rising from the country which he governed, up to the Eternal Heavens, was a low dull howl of Ignorance. It was a wild, inexplicable mutter, confused, but full of threatening, and it made all hearers' hearts to quake within them. But, few heard. In the single city where this Minister of State was seated, I saw Thirty Thousand children, hunted, flogged, imprisoned, but not taught—who might have been nurtured by the wolf or bear, so little of humanity had they, within them or without—all joining in this doleful cry. And, ever among them, as among all ranks and grades of mortals, in all parts of the globe, the Spirit went; and ever by thousands, in their brutish state, with all the gifts of God perverted in their breasts or trampled out, they died.

The Minister of State, whose heart was pierced by even the little he could hear of these terrible voices, day and night rising to Heaven, went among the Priests and Teachers of all denominations, and faintly said:

"Harken to this dreadful cry! What shall we do to stay it?"

One body of respondents answered, "Teach this!"

Another said, "Teach that!"

Another said, "Teach neither this nor that, but t'other!"

Another quarrelled with all the three; twenty others quarrelled with all the four, and quarrelled no less bitterly among themselves. The

* Reprinted from *Household Words*, 14 December, 1850.

voices, not stayed by this, cried out day and night; and still, among those many thousands, as among all mankind, went the Spirit who never rested from its labour; and still, in brutish sort, they died.

Then, a whisper murmured to the Minister of State:

"Correct this for thyself. Be bold! Silence these voices, or virtually lose thy power in the attempt to do it. Thou canst not sow a grain of good seed in vain. Thou knowest it well. Be bold, and do thy duty!"

The Minister shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "It is a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME." And so he put it from him.

Then, the whisper went among the Priests and Teachers, saying to each, "In thy soul thou knowest it is a truth, O man, that there are good things to be taught, on which all men may agree. Teach those, and stay this cry."

To which, each answered in like manner, "It is a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME." And so *he* put it from him.

I saw a poisoned air, in which Life drooped. I saw Disease, arrayed in all its store of hideous aspects and appalling shapes, triumphant in every alley, bye-way, court, back-street, and poor abode, in every place where human beings congregated—in the proudest and most boastful places, most of all. I saw innumerable hosts, foredoomed to darkness, dirt, pestilence, obscenity, misery, and early death. I saw, wheresoever I looked, cunning preparations made for defacing the Creator's Image, from the moment of its appearance here on earth, and stamping over it the image of the Devil. I saw, from those reeking and pernicious stews, the avenging consequences of such Sin issuing forth, and penetrating to the highest places. I saw the rich struck down in their strength, their darling children weakened and withered, their marriageable sons and daughters perish in their prime. I saw that not one miserable wretch breathed out his poisoned life in the deepest cellar of the most neglected town, but, from the surrounding atmosphere, some particles of his infection were borne away, charged with heavy retribution on the general guilt.

There were many attentive and alarmed persons looking on, who saw these things too. They were well clothed, and had purses in their pockets; they were educated, full of kindness, and loved mercy. They said to one another, "This is horrible, and shall not be!" and there was a stir among them to set it right. But, opposed to these, came a small multitude of noisy fools and greedy knaves, whose harvest was in such horrors; and they, with impudence and turmoil, and with scurrilous jests at misery and death, repelled the better lookers-on, who soon fell back, and stood aloof.

Then, the whisper went among those better lookers-on, saying, "Over the bodies of those fellows to the remedy!" But, each of them moodily shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "It is a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME!" And so they put it from them.

I saw a great library of laws and law-proceedings, so complicated, costly, and unintelligible, that, although numbers of lawyers united in a public fiction that these were wonderfully just and equal, there was scarcely an honest man among them, but who said to his friend, privately consulting him, "Better put up with a fraud or other injury

than grope for redress through the manifold blind turnings and strange chances of this system."

I saw a portion of the system, called (of all things) EQUITY, which was ruin to suitors, ruin to property, a shield for wrong-doers having money, a rack for right-doers having none: a by-word for delay, slow agony of mind, despair, impoverishment, trickery, confusion, insupportable injustice. A main part of it, I saw prisoners wasting in jail; mad people babbling in hospitals; suicides chronicled in the yearly records; orphans robbed of their inheritance; infants righted (perhaps) when they were grey.

Certain lawyers and laymen came together, and said to one another, "In only one of these our Courts of Equity, there are years of this dark perspective before us at the present moment. We must change this."

Uprose, immediately, a throng of others, Secretaries, Petty Bags, Hanapers, Chaffwaxes, and what not, singing (in answer) "Rule Britannia," and "God save the Queen"; making flourishing speeches, pronouncing hard names, demanding committees, commissions, commissioners, and other scarecrows, and terrifying the little band of innovators out of their five wits.

Then, the whisper went among the latter, as they shrunk back, saying, "If there is any wrong within the universal knowledge, this wrong is. Go on! Set it right!" Whereon, each of them sorrowfully thrust his hands in his pockets, and replied, "It is indeed a great wrong;—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME!"—and so *they* put it from them.

The Spirit, with its face concealed, summoned all the people who had used this phrase about their Time, into its presence. Then, it said, beginning with the Minister of State: "Of what duration is *your* Time?"

The Minister of State replied, "My ancient family has always been long-lived. My father died at eighty-four; my grandfather, at ninety-two. We have the gout, but bear it (like our honors) many years."

"And you," said the Spirit to the Priests and Teachers, "what may *your* time be?"

Some, believed they were so strong, as that they should number many more years than three score and ten; others, were the sons of old incumbents who had long outlived youthful expectants. Others, for any means they had of calculating, might be long-lived or short-lived—generally (they had a strong persuasion) long. So, among the well-clothed lookers-on. So, among the lawyers and laymen.

"But, every man, as I understand you, one and all," said the Spirit, "has his time?"

"Yes!" they exclaimed together.

"Yes," said the Spirit; "and it is—ETERNITY! Whosoever is a consenting party to a wrong, comforting himself with the base reflection that it will last his time, shall bear his portion of that wrong throughout ALL TIME. And, in the hour when he and I stand face to face, he shall surely know it, as my name is Death!"

It departed, turning its shaded face hither and thither as it passed along upon its ceaseless work, and blighting all on whom it looked.

Then went among trembling hearers the whisper, saying, "See, each of you, before you take your ease, O wicked, selfish, men, that what will 'last your time,' be Just enough to last for ever!"

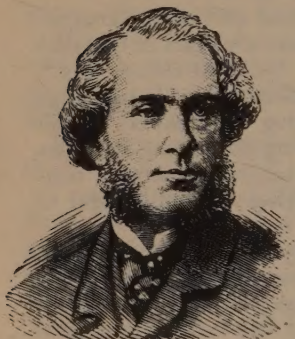
THE ILLUSTRATORS OF DICKENS

By W. A. FRASER

V

JOHN LEECH AND THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS

JOHN LEECH became acquainted with the author of *Pickwick* in 1843. In this year his services were obtained for the illustration of *A Christmas Carol*, for which he prepared eight designs; four of these were etched on steel, the impressions being afterwards coloured by hand, while the remaining four were drawn on wood and beautifully engraved by W. J. Linton.



JOHN LEECH

The popularity of the *Carol* proved enormous, and part at least of its success was due to the altogether charming illustrations by John Leech. A better man for the purpose could not have been found. His deftness and versatility were extraordinary, and naturally brought him many commissions from publishers anxious to secure the aid of his brilliant pencil, while his connexion with *Punch* kept his name constantly before the public. He had aspired to illustrate *Pickwick*, but was, strangely enough, supposed to be unequal

to the task! Thackeray also submitted designs, but his rejection is by no means astonishing, as his drawings, although clever in their way, are lacking in technical skill and finish, although some of the great author's illustrations to *Vanity Fair* are remarkably good.

A Christmas Carol is so wholly delightful that criticism is disarmed. It is a noble piece of work, and probably the most characteristic little book ever written by Boz. Even those hapless and much-to-be-pitied men and women who repeat the wearisome parrot phrases about the morbid sentimentality, vulgarity, and gush of Dickens make a reservation in favour of *A Christmas Carol*, although sometimes they lack the courage to proclaim it openly.

The frontispiece to the story is perhaps the least admirable of the illustrations. It might very easily pass for a drawing by Phiz, and there is also a hint of Cruikshank about it. Leech had nothing to learn from these two artists so far as draughtsmanship is concerned; the latter, however, gave him some lessons in etching. But if "Mr. Fezziwig's Ball" does not show John Leech at his best, in the other three page illustrations he has full command of his own wonderful powers and there is no hint of the influence of others. "Marley's Ghost" is a very remarkable drawing, and the artist has risen to the occasion. It is at once weird and gruesome, and yet humorous. Leech has understood the author's idea and carried it out with consummate success. "Scrooge's Third Visitor" is a perfect illustration. We can say no more and no less. It is the scene Dickens pictured with his pen. If Boz himself had drawn this picture could he have improved upon it? The final design in the book, "The Last of the Spirits,"

is a ghastly scene of desolation, loneliness, and despair. The grim, neglected graveyard and the awful figure of the Spirit are marvellously rendered. It is a most powerful and impressive design, and a striking proof of John Leech's wonderful talent and versatility. The small woodcuts are not altogether satisfying. Leech frequently complained bitterly that in the process of reproduction his fine lines were cut away. The reader is reminded of the Phiz drawings in *Barnaby Rudge* and *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

The Chimes contains five woodcuts by John Leech, of which the first, "Trotty Veck," is exceedingly characteristic of the artist and is no doubt the old ticket-porter to the very life! The second drawing of the three old gentlemen laying down the law over poor Trotty's basin of tripe is very disappointing. It is rough, apparently careless, and not worthy of Leech. Whether owing to faulty reproduction of his drawings or not, it is certain that Richard Doyle's illustrations compare very favourably with those of John Leech in *The Chimes*, and, indeed, in all the Christmas books which followed it. They are often far more skilfully drawn, and more carefully reproduced in the woodcuts. Leech's third sketch (for it is only a sketch, and a very rough one) of the hall-porter at Sir Joseph Bowley's is exceedingly weak, and the upper part of the design, old Trotty in the presence of Sir Joseph and his lady, is assuredly no better. It is one of the very worst that we ever remember to have seen from the pencil of John Leech—timid, faulty, and feeble. The fourth drawing, "Richard and Margaret," is an improvement on the former one, but still leaves much to be desired in finish and cleanness of execution. The last illustration, the New Year's dance at Trotty Veck's, is so bright and cheery that we readily pardon the very obvious faults in drawing and composition for the sake of the true Dickens spirit which pervades the little picture.

To the charming little allegory, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, Leech contributed seven woodcuts. The first, "John's Arrival," is a bright little picture, worthy both of the artist and the author, with whom this delightful little story was a favourite, and deservedly so. It is beautifully told, and John Peerybingle is worthy to stand beside Mr. Peggotty and Joe Gargery. To the last-named character he bears a strong resemblance. The carrier smoking his pipe at his fireside, with Dot on her little stool at his knee, is another captivating little drawing, and one after Dickens's own heart, whose love of home and home life was a passion. Every detail in this pictured scene would appeal to him. The original sketch for this illustration indicates that it was Leech's intention at first to introduce Tilly Slowboy nursing the baby; but he changed his mind upon this point, so the figure was omitted, to appear, however, later on in the book as a separate woodcut. The third drawing by Leech, "Caleb at Work," shows unusual care, and is a wholly successful as well as a touching and pathetic carrying out of Dickens's idea. "Tilly Slowboy and the Baby" is quite perfect in its way. "Mrs. Fielding's Lecture" is full of fun; but the sixth sketch, John Peerybingle sitting with his head resting on his hands in the dark, lonely room before the cold hearth is exceedingly impressive. The gloom and misery of the scene are portrayed with striking effect. The last drawing in the book, full of mirth and jollity, is yet the weakest from the artistic point of

view. The drawing is rough and careless, and there are evidences of great haste and want of finish. The fairy-like figures to the left (the upper part of the picture) would have been much more graceful in the hands of Doyle, whose talent lay in that direction, and who designed some exquisite figures in all the Christmas books, with the exception of the *Carol* and *The Haunted Man*, whereas Leech had far less skill in allegorical and fairy designs.

The Battle of Life contains three drawings from the pencil of John



SCROOGE'S THIRD VISITOR

Reproduced from an engraving by John Leech

Leech. The first, the parting breakfast in the Doctor's garden, is extremely pretty. The melancholy Briton, of the brusque and abrupt manner, is most admirably and amusingly depicted. It is altogether a satisfying little picture. Michael Warden at the office of Snitchey and Craggs is uninteresting, to say the least of it, but Leech had little opportunity in this sketch to distinguish himself. His third and last contribution to the story was unfortunate in every respect. The upper part of the picture represents the dance at the Doctor's house on the night of Alfred's return; the lower, the flight of Marion with Michael Warden—an entire misapprehension on Leech's part, which caused Dickens great annoyance and disappointment; for, of course, Michael War-

den was never there and had nothing to do with Marion's departure from home. The story, however, is far from being an enthralling example of the author's genius. It is conspicuously lacking in those qualities of humour and pathos by which Charles Dickens achieved an undying name. *The Haunted Man*, the last of the Christmas books, is far more characteristic of Dickens, although somewhat in the melodramatic vein, which at times was so fatally attractive to him. The illustrations to this story are often trivial and third-rate performances. The frontispiece and title page by Tenniel are carefully drawn, like all his work; but Frank Stone's illustrations are far from brilliant; and we cannot but think that the three drawings for which Stanfield was responsible

were, in all probability, much finer examples of his art before they were subjected to the process of reproduction. The old College by moonlight, with the snow lying, is a charming and picturesque little picture and the best of the three.

John Leech's five illustrations are not his best work, and they might be compared very unfavourably with the vigorous and beautiful vignettes in *A Christmas Carol*. There is a timidity, a lifelessness, and a sketchiness about them which is depressing. In "Redlaw and the Phantom" he is not happily inspired. He does not do himself justice in the other four. Perhaps the most satisfactory (or the least disappointing) are the boy before the fire, and the little sketch of Johnny and Moloch out in the snow in front of the shop, while Mr. Tetterby is engaged in taking down the shutters. A previous drawing, "The Tetterbys," is not a great achievement. Leech had been far more successful than this in bygone Christmas stories by the same author, of which we think rather sadly as we regard these the last contributions from the pencil of John Leech to a book written by his friend Charles Dickens.

The life-work of John Leech is to be found in the pages of *Punch*, which teems with hundreds of examples of grace and beauty, wit and humour, the vast majority drawn with consummate skill, while many of his first rough sketches for the Christmas books of Dickens are better from the artist's standpoint than the finished designs.

DICKENS AND THE SNOW

By JOHN P. WYNNE

"It ceased to snow at Christmas when Dickens died."

TIME was when tree, and hill, and vale,
Were all bedecked with snow and rime;
When icicles hung from the pail,
'Twas always so at Christmastime.

Then was the time when Dickens wrote
Of Christmas cheer and Christmas chime;
True Christmas carols were his note,
That's why it snowed at Christmastime.

The season holds its charms no more,
It is not now as at the prime;
The half of these delights are o'er,
It never snows at Christmastime.

When Dickens died, the sprites of Yule
Sought with their lord another clime;
And nature broke her golden rule,
No more it snows at Christmastime.

THOMAS GRIFFITHS WAINEWRIGHT

A NOTABLE DICKENS MODEL

By WILLOUGHBY MATCHETT

II

WHO would imagine that that *chevalier d'industrie*, the bold Rigaud Blandois, with his theatrical swagger and Mephistophelian laugh, is a presentation of Wainewright's character? Yet so it is, or largely is. There is of course an admixture of foreign colouring, while the art side of Wainewright is only just slightly suggested by the friendship that Rigaud forms for the artist Gowan. The cynical reasoning that Wainewright adopted when incarcerated in Newgate is echoed in tone if not in words, by Rigaud in his dungeon at Marseilles. "Sir," said Wainewright to one who spoke with him, "you City men enter upon your speculations and take your chances of them. Some of your speculations succeed, and some fail. Mine happen to have failed." Said Rigaud, "If you try to prejudice me by making out that I have lived by my wits—how do your lawyers live—your politicians—your intriguers—your men of the Exchange?" And in the following speech of Wainewright's, which I cull from an article in the *British Quarterly Review* for 1848, will be found the whole keynote of Monsieur Rigaud's character as set forth in the first chapter of *Little Dorrit* :—

"I have always been a gentleman, always lived like a gentleman, and I am a gentleman still. Yes, sir, even in Newgate I am a gentleman. The prison regulations are that we should each in turn sweep the yard. There are a barber and a sweep here besides myself. They sweep the yard; but, sir, they have never offered me the broom."

Compare with this the following passage between Rigaud, murderer, and Cavalletto, who typifies that humble couple the barber and the sweep.

"Cavalletto," said Monsieur Rigaud . . . "you know me for a gentleman?"

"Surely, surely." . . .

"Have I ever done anything here? Ever touched the broom, or spread the mats, or rolled them up, or found the draughts, or collected the dominoes, or put my hand to any kind of work?"

"Never."

"Have you ever thought of looking to me to do any kind of work?"

John Baptist answered with that peculiar back-handed shake of the right forefinger, which is the most expressive negative in the Italian language.

"No! You knew from the first moment when you saw me here that I was a gentleman?"

"ALTRO!" returned John Baptist, closing his eyes and giving his head a most vehement toss. . . .

"Ha, ha! You are right! A gentleman I am! And a gentleman I'll live, and a gentleman I'll die! It's my intent to be a gentleman. It's my game. Death of my soul, I play it out wherever I go!"

In person, of course, there is not much likeness between Wainewright and Rigaud, the latter's physiognomy being probably suggested to Dickens by some rascally visage seen when abroad. But there are points of similarity; the most noticeable being their smooth white hands.

Each was vain of his hands, and took pains to display them to advantage. But that such hands, in belonging to such men, had something horrible in them Dickens could not but feel. The following reference to Rigaud's folding a few cigarettes almost suggests, though, that the novelist had the hands of a subtle poisoner in mind, rather than those of a man who simply pushed his wife over a cliff. But Rigaud may have had poison in his past. In one place he says, "I am something of a doctor," which is rather suggestive.

"There had been something dreadful in the noiseless skill of his cold, white hands, with the fingers lithely twisting about and twining over one another like serpents. Clennam could not prevent himself from shuddering inwardly, as if he had been looking on at a nest of those creatures."

That Rigaud is made out to be a murderer at all is strong presumption that the character was founded on that of Wainewright. That it serves to heighten his colouring goes without saying, but there is no real necessity for it in the story. The part that Rigaud has to play is merely that of a thief and blackmailer, and the shedding of blood forms no portion of the plot. But, of course, in founding his man on Wainewright, Dickens would feel instinctively that it would not do to leave murder out of the picture.

The character of Julius Slinkton, however, in the short dramatic story *Hunted Down*, is the most direct presentation of the poisoner that Dickens made. Slinkton, with his mourning, his spick-and-span linen, his tight-fitting black glove, his hypocritically consoling speech, and, above all, that parting of his hair down the middle that he presented to any one he talked to like a gravel path, implying that he was to keep off the grass, may be taken as a pretty fair portrait of Wainewright at the age of forty. The middle parting of the hair, and practically all the traits described as Slinkton's, were those of the real poisoner. Slinkton's easy, well-bred conversation at the dinner-party, and his mode of adapting his subjects to suit individual tastes, are an exact transcript of the style of Wainewright.

Mr. Carew Hazlitt has a rather slighting reference to *Hunted Down*, saying that it "remorselessly travestied" the real incidents of Wainewright's career. There are differences, of course. Slinkton makes a victim of one niece and attempts to follow with a second. In Wainewright's case they were sisters-in-law, not nieces. Slinkton commits suicide *à la* Jonas; no such dramatic end was Wainewright's. But Mr. Hazlitt has probably in mind the hunting-down part played by Meltham, the young actuary; no doubt considering this to be Dickens's invention. That the novelist had foundation for this will be seen by this interesting extract from the *British Quarterly Review*:—

"When Helen Abercrombie went with her sister to effect an insurance on her life, one of the clerks, very much struck with her beauty and general appearance, and seeing something suspicious in the very fact of so young a girl insuring her life upon no sufficient motive, took her aside, questioned her, and advised her not to proceed with the insurance, not to give any one an interest in her death. She, however, was so convinced of her brother's and sister's love, that the possibility, which was only vaguely hinted to her, could not make her swerve from her

purpose. We read of love at first sight in novels, and think it is the rhapsody of the novelist. It, however, occurs oftener in real life than we are apt to think. This clerk conceived a violent passion for Helen Abercrombie. On hearing of her death so soon after the insurance was effected, all his vague suspicions became changed into certainties; and he resolved to devote himself to one object, and that was to bring Wainwright to trial. It is said that he even followed him to Boulogne and back again to England, where as soon as he arrived his pursuer set Forester, the police-officer, upon him."

That Wainwright should have escaped the gallows is surely one of the most remarkable circumstances in the annals of crime. However, it remains a fact that he was never put on trial for murder—which was perhaps difficult to bring home to him, so craftily had he worked—but only for forgery. And even then he was lucky, for forgery was still a capital offence; but the Bank of England showed lenience and did not press the charge. The sentence he got—transportation for life—was on a minor count, the uttering of forged cheques, to which he pleaded guilty. We get a sidelight on the situation from Bulwer Lytton's novel *Lucretia*, where Wainwright figures as the villain, Varney. When acquaintances, ignorant of his worse crimes, sought to intercede on his behalf, we are told the reply of the Home Office was obvious: "He is a fortunate man to have been tried and condemned for his least offence."

The remainder of his life Wainwright spent at Hobart Town, in Van Diemen's Land. He tried his hand at art again, painting portraits, into which he is said to have managed to put something of his own wickedness. This circumstance seems to have struck the imagination of Wilde, who would seem to have founded his bizarre novel, *The Picture of Dorian Grey*, upon it. He became a marked man—"dreaded, disliked, and shunned by everybody." In 1852 he died. A confirmed habit of opium-eating that became his in this last era of his life may possibly have suggested to Dickens the connexion between opium and crime that he made use of in his last book, in the person of Jasper.

A gruesome story is told in the *Melbourne Argus* of 6 July, 1841, of Wainwright's hissing into the ear of a dying convict whom he disliked: "You are a dead man, you ——. In four-and-twenty hours your soul will be in hell, and my arms will be up to that (the elbow) in your body dissecting you."

That he was not altogether destitute of humour is seen from the fact that he did a pencil sketch of his own head with the inscription: "Head of a convict: very characteristic of low cunning and revenge."

SOME DICKENS CALENDARS

WE have received from Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Co. copies of their Dickens Calendars, all of which are produced in their well-known artistic style, ranging from one shilling upwards. There are two with coloured pictures reproduced from their series of post cards, three block calendars with illustrations by Harold Coffing, one in colour the other two in photogravure, all of which are charming realizations of well-known characters and scenes. There is also a larger one with four photogravures by the same artist, who strikes us as being one of the few artists who are thoroughly in sympathy with the novelist's ideals. Messrs. Nister also send us a block calendar in colour showing a scene from *The Chimes*.

**"THE HOUSE OF DOMBEY"
AT THE CRIPPLEGATE THEATRE**

By ARTHUR WAUGH

THE Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Club may fairly claim to be an established institution; and, what is more, like all going concerns, it gathers strength as it progresses. The crowded audience which heartily applauded *The House of Dombey* on 3 November seemed generally agreed that this was the most equal and satisfactory performance the Club had yet given, and with that verdict *The Dickensian's* dramatic critic is absolutely in accord. Taking into consideration the difficulties of the occasion, it was a very good performance indeed, and reflected the highest credit upon Mr. Shore, Mr. Dexter, Mr. Cross, and in fact upon every one concerned. No single actor failed; a steady degree of finish was attained by all; and the evenness and harmony of the whole entertainment were its conspicuous commendation. Only those who have had to rehearse amateur companies know how much this sort of evenness entails upon those who are responsible for the management.

We have spoken of difficulties, and of course it was an occasion absolutely beset by pitfalls. Probably most of us came into the hall wondering how Mrs. Shore and Mr. Dexter could possibly cram the longest of all Dickens's novels into "the three hours' traffic of the stage"; very likely many of us prophesied confusion. But those who did so were wrong, for the adaptation proved exceedingly ingenious. A first glance at the programme showed us that little Paul had been sacrificed; the rise of the curtain further indicated that the play was beginning half-way through the novel (at chap. xxix., we believe, to be exact), and that, allowing for certain cuts and compressions, Edith Dombey had already entered her new home as Florence's stepmother. The play had not been in progress many minutes before it became clear that Edith Dombey was to be the central figure, and that the incidents of her unhappy marriage were to provide the interest of the evening. This was wise in one way, because the Club happened to have got hold of a very fine Edith, whose acting was one of the principal features of the night. But in another way it was a little unfortunate, because the Edith and Carker business affords some of the most melodramatic material in all Dickens, and in the congenial atmosphere of the stage its artificiality and staginess became disconcertingly apparent. In short, the play became pure melodrama, with the Captain Cuttle scenes as homely relief. The scene in the French hotel, where for stage purposes Carker was made to poison himself as Dombey thundered at the door, was powerful and impressive; but there was no getting away from its garishness. Moreover, the finish of the drama, with Mr. Dombey, penitent and broken, coming in "pat to his cue" when Florence bemoaned his absence, was of the stage stogy *in excelsis*. This is not to say that it was bad drama, but it suggested very theatrical fiction. In fact, the better the play acted, the more it brought out the artificial element in this particular phase of Dickens's workmanship. And this was probably a critical function which Mrs. Shore and Mr. Dexter never intended to achieve.

Still, it made a capital play, capitally acted. Looking back, one seems to remember that it rather grouped itself into a series of duologues than brought the characters all together into dramatic relation with one another; but this is an almost inevitable shortcoming of adapted fiction. And the rather isolated position of the actors served also to bring them into clearer relief and to give each his own chance to fuller advantage. Personally, we are inclined to give the bouquets and the calls of memory to the ladies. Mrs. Grein did splendidly as Edith, and realized Phiz's pictures with really remarkable felicity. She was always good, and perhaps at her best at the curtain of the second act, which she brought down by a positively fine piece of acting. Her voice was hardly strong enough to last out the evening, and she missed something of the necessary fire in the hotel scene with Carker. Nevertheless, she played that act also with much verve and dignity. Mrs. Teignmouth Shore as Florence made an admirable foil. Looking perfectly charming, in a series of most becoming gowns, she played a very difficult part with great restraint and true feeling. She resisted all temptations, and gave a thoroughly touching and human performance throughout. Mention ought also to be made of the Susan Nipper of Miss Kathleen Marriott, which, though it was undoubtedly too impetuous to be always audible, was still a clever, bright, and attractive realization of a rôle which it is much easier to read about than to transfer to the stage. The other ladies were all competent in their different ways.

Among the men, the success of the evening certainly went to Mr. Frank Staff as Toots, who had stepped out of the pages of Dickens, a complete incarnation of the character. His performance was full of quiet, restrained humour. He deserved every laugh he got, and he got one every time he opened his mouth, and a good many when he was silent. Mr. Teignmouth Shore, excellently made up, looked Captain Cuttle to the life, and lived through many phases of that touching and humorous old salt's varied composition. Mr. Dexter's Major Bagstock made many friends, and Mr. Brookes Cross died game as Carker, rising in vigour as the situation rose in intensity. Much more might be said, but space fails. A word, however, must be added in praise of the excellent costumes, the quite sufficient scenery, and in particular, the admirable orchestra, which Mr. Sydney Toms conducted with a swinging spirit which attracted the attention of all the ladies present. So long as the curtain was down, he was the most popular man in the theatre.

A CHARITY PERFORMANCE OF "THE HOUSE OF DOMBEY"

IN aid of Sir William Treloar's Crippled Children's Christmas Hamper Fund—a charity after Dickens's own heart—the Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Society have arranged, assisted by the kindness of Mr. Louis Calvert, the lessee of the theatre, to give a Gala Performance at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, S.E., on the evening of Monday, 17 December.

Their new play, *The House of Dombey*, which has been so well spoken of by the principal London papers, will be presented with the original cast. At the end of the performance the President, Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree, will present a cheque for the proceeds to the Lord Mayor.

Seats may be booked at all libraries, or direct to the theatre. Private boxes, £3 3s.; dress circle, 5s.; orchestra stalls, 4s.; parterre stalls, 3s.; balcony, 2s. 6d. Unreserved: pit, 1s. 6d.; gallery, 1s.

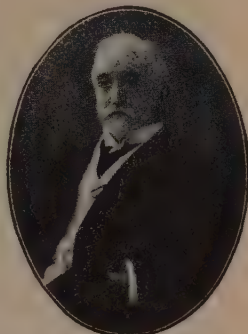
THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP AT MANCHESTER

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD, the first President of the Fellowship, and always one of its very best friends, was the guest of the evening at the dinner which was held in connexion with the first annual movable Conference, at the Victoria Hotel, Manchester, on Saturday, 27 October. Sir Wm. Bailey presided over a company numbering near two hundred, among whom were the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Manchester, Mr. A. H. Scott, M.P., Councillor Plummer, Mr. J. Nicol Dunn, and Mr. J. Cuming Walters. The menu card was of especial interest, as the cover contained sketches by Mr. W. Dinsmore of Stocks House, Chetham (now demolished), where Dickens met the Cheeryble brothers in 1838; of Mr. John Knowles's house, Old Trafford, where Dickens stayed; and of Dickens in the character of Captain Bobadil at the Theatre Royal on 26 July, 1847; whilst underneath every toast was an appropriate Dickensian quotation.

Sir William Bailey proposed the toast of "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens," which was drunk in silence. In Manchester, he said, Dickens's influence was continually increasing; the volume of his works in the free libraries had to be constantly augmented to keep up with the demand. The number of volumes had now reached 649, and he had ascertained which of the books were most popular with readers. *David Copperfield* came first—he (Sir William) would have placed *Pickwick* in the premier position, for he believed with Zangwill, "If you don't enjoy yourself in this world you are certain to suffer for it in the next." *Oliver Twist* was second, and the others were in the following order:—*Pickwick Papers*, *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Tale of Two Cities*, *Dombey and Son*, *Bleak House*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Little Dorrit*, *Our Mutual Friend*, *Christmas Books*, *Christmas Stories*, *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, *Sketches by Boz*, *Great Expectations*, *Hard Times*, *The Uncommercial Traveller*, *American Notes*, *A Child's History of England*, and *The Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*.

Councillor Plummer gave the toast of "The Dickens Fellowship," and Mr. J. W. T. Ley, the Honorary General Secretary of the Fellowship, responded. The toast of "The Manchester Branch" was proposed by Mr. B. W. Matz, Chairman of the Council, and editor of *The Dickensian*, and responded to by Mr. Arthur Humphreys.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald submitted "The City and Corporation of Manchester." He confessed some uneasy doubts about Dickens's feelings towards civic functions in general—(laughter)—and he expressed sorrow that in connexion with such a toast there should come back to him some exceedingly pleasing sketches entirely concerning the humours of mayors. Who would forget the delightful Nupkins of *Pickwick*? Who would forget Sapsea? Who would forget the Mayor of Mudfog, or the Lord Mayor of London, who figured in such an un-



SIR W. H. BAILEY
President of Conference

dignified way in the Gordon riots in *Barnaby Rudge*? He remembered the late Lord Acton, who was a "dungeon of learning," who knew every book that was, saying to him, "What a delightful creature Nupkins is! What do you think of him?" He could only say that if at any time he was elected mayor he should certainly make Nupkins his model. (Laughter.)

"I am always expected to say something about Dickens himself," Mr. Fitzgerald proceeded. "Well, I suppose I have met all sorts of men in my career, and I unhesitatingly say I never met any one approaching Charles Dickens for utter want of 'side.' He was always willing to take second place; he was always willing to listen to others instead of speaking himself; he was always anxious to laugh with others rather than to cause the laugh himself. I assure you some of the small literary men of the present day, and some of the great ones, too, show a great many more airs. Think what he was. He was at the top of the tree; every eye looked to him. He was the one and only writer of that day; his opinion on any subject was sought and listened to, and yet, if I were asked to say what was his chief characteristic, I should say he was the modest of men, the most modest of any man I ever met." People really did not know that there were two Dickenses—Dickens the writer and Dickens the man. Dickens the man was one of the most brilliant creatures there could possibly be. He was a novelist, he was a dramatist—he wrote half a dozen plays that were exceedingly successful—he was an essayist, he was a journalist, he was an editor, he was a poet, a traveller, and a speaker—unapproachable for his mingling of wit, fun, and seriousness. Then he was a brilliant conversationalist, and an actor.

In his closing remarks, Mr. Fitzgerald brought forward an important point. "Those of you who have visited Edinburgh," he said, "will remember the beautiful monument there to Sir Walter Scott. It is the homage of the whole Scotch nation, and some of the English nation, to that very great and glorious man. Well, it is nearly forty years since Dickens died, and we look around England in vain for anything of the kind. I don't know why that is. Of course there is the difficulty of the clause in Dickens's will, in which he says, 'I entreat my friends not to make me the subject of any monument or memorial.' That was addressed to his friends who will soon have all gone, and it does not apply to the public. I do wish we had a fine, large, imposing, monumental statue of Dickens in the streets of London, or somewhere, with all his characters grouped around him." (Loud applause.)

The Lord Mayor (Councillor Thewlis) responded to the toast, and in so doing remarked that the Cheeryble brothers were in advance of their time in that they treated as brothers those who served their interest. That spirit was now growing amongst employers, and growing very fast indeed. He thought that *David Copperfield* was Dickens's finest work. It contained some of the most valuable and charming philosophy of human life.

Mr. Nicol Dunn, responding to the toast of "The Press," proposed by Mr. A. H. Scott, M.P., paid the journalist's tribute to Charles Dickens. To many a hard-working journalist, he said, the great novelist was almost regarded as a patron saint.

THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS

SOME NEW REPRINTS

TWO handsome reprints* come to us from America, one containing *A Christmas Carol* and *The Cricket on the Hearth*, the other entitled *Mr. Pickwick's Christmas*, which comprises the Manor Farm chapter, the tale of the Goblin and the Sexton, and the chapter devoted to the sports on the ice. The chief attraction in these volumes is the set of new pictures done to illustrate them. They are by George Alfred Williams, whose aim, he tells us in a preface, is "to endeavour to produce the true atmosphere, human in the blending of the serious and the comic, and to give them the semblance of reality produced in our minds in the text." Now this is a point at which many are at variance. Most of us admire and stand by the work of Phiz and Cruikshank, others do not. Mr. Williams evidently does not. We cannot, however, think that he has improved upon the work of the original illustrators. In *The Cricket on the Hearth* we consider he entirely fails to give anything like "the true atmosphere." The Peerybingles' abode, for instance, was not a ramshackly dwelling with broken-legged furniture and dilapidated walls. Nor is the artist very happy in the *Carol* pictures. We should say that his strength as an artist does not lie in black-and-white work, but as a painter, for in the coloured pictures in both volumes he is more successful, indeed most of them are charming. The frontispiece to the *Carol* is delightful, and in the *Pickwick* volume the coloured plates are really splendid. Nothing could be better than the one where the Pickwickians are keeping the pot "a-biling." We cannot give much praise to the line drawings in the text. The volumes are nevertheless very attractive in get-up and excellently printed.

Mr. Wm. Heinemann has just issued *A Christmas Carol* and *The Cricket on the Hearth* in his "Favourite Classics" series (cloth, 6d.; leather, 1s.). They are two charming little volumes, with the original illustrations by Leech and Maclise, whilst there is a portrait of Dickens as frontispiece to each. The type and paper are good, and the books are really wonderful value for the money. Each volume has an introduction by Mr. Hall Caine, but, unlike Mr. Chesterton, the author of *The Bondman* can scarcely be said to have found something new to say about Dickens. Indeed, those of our readers who read the issue of *Household Words* for 25 January, 1902, may be pardoned if, on reading the introduction to this edition of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, they assert that they have "read part of it somewhere before." Nevertheless, some of our readers (we do not attempt to estimate how many) may be interested to know on the authority of Mr. Hall Caine that if Dickens were alive to-day he would be "ninety odd years of age," As a matter of fact, we believe we are right in saying that on Christmas Day he would be 94 years 10 months and 18 days old.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBERS OF "HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

READERS of *The Dickensian* will hail with delight the republication in pocket volumes of the famous Christmas numbers of *Household Words* in their complete form. The recent discovery of the authors'

names of the various chapters adds considerably to their interest and value, and the publishers are to be congratulated on their discovery, and on the reissue of the volumes in such dainty style.

The chapters of each Christmas number, which were the work solely of Charles Dickens, have always been known, and appear in volumes of the various editions of his works. Apart from these the reading public had no idea to whom it was indebted for the delightful and charming series of Christmas stories. Dickens did so much to spread the true spirit of Christmas, and so infectious was this spirit, that all the other writers who contributed to this series caught it completely and thoroughly, with the result that it was difficult to distinguish between them. These Christmas stories were written by the cream of the writers of the period, the list of whom includes the names of Wilkie Collins, George Augustus Sala, Mrs. Gaskell, Adelaide Anne Procter, Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Lynn Linton, W. H. Wills, R. H. Horne, W. B. Jerrold, Charles Knight, W. Hepworth Dixon, William Howitt, Percy Fitzgerald, Holme Lee.

All lovers of Dickens generally, and every one who appreciates a good story, from whatever pen it may proceed, will find here a wealth of that bright seasonable humour and sentiment which have made the name of Dickens inseparable from Christmastide. A full list of the volumes with the authors' names will be found in advertisement pages.

AN EXAMINATION IN DICKENS'S WORKS

RESULT

THE last paper in this competition was set in our last issue, and we are able this month to announce the result. There have been eleven papers in all, and all have been answered by those who are the fortunate winners with an astonishing thoroughness. That the series has been a success is shown by the close way competitors have stuck to their task. As a rule, the questions have not been easy, and have required an intimate knowledge of the details of each work. All the papers have been set by that expert in such matters, Mr. Robert Allbut, and we wish here to tender him our grateful thanks for all he has done in regard to the competition.

On Miss Fowler, Mrs. Hill, and Miss Nash nothing but praise can be bestowed. It has been a close competition between them, and although there is a difference in their marks, there is really less difference in their merit than the figures indicate. We heartily congratulate Miss Fowler on her success, and to her and the rest of the winners we can only express the hope that they have gained something worth possessing other than the prizes. The list of the winners is as follows:—

- 1st Prize: A complete set of the Fireside Edition of the works of Dickens, 22 volumes. Miss M. M. Fowler, 2484.
 2nd Prize: *The Real Dickens Land*, by H. S. Ward. Mrs. E. M. Hill. 2434.
 3rd Prize: *The Dickens Country*, by F. G. Kitton. Miss W. M. Nash. 2415.
 4th, 5th, 6th Prizes: *Rambles in Dickens Land*, by Robert Allbut. Miss F. Innocent, 2335; Mr. W. J. Eady, 2290; and Miss M. Niedermann, 2279. The two next in order of merit were C. E. Edson, 2200, and Miss M. Sheward, 1724.

XI—GREAT EXPECTATIONS, AND TALE OF TWO CITIES—ANSWERS

1. Clarriker betrayed Pip to Herbert, in regard to "*the secret of Herbert's partnership*" (Chap. 58).
2. Dunstable (Chap. 4).
3. Ghost in Hamlet, Richard the Third (Chap. 4), Mark Antony (Chap. 7), Timon of Athens, Coriolanus (Chap. 18), Macbeth (Chap. 26).
4. The Manor House (Chap. 8).

5. Joe, *log*. "When your sister is on the Ram-page, Pip . . . she is a *Buster*" (Chap. 7).
6. *The Queen of Denmark*, at an amateur performance, openly mentioned as "*the kettledrum*" (Chap. 31).
7. Australia (Chap. 24), America (Chap. 34), *Quintin Matsys* (Chap. 28).
8. He "had invested *the Prince's treasure* in the ways of the world" . . . bringing him "*but indifferent interest*" (Chap. 23).
9. Allusion to Trabb's boy pursuing Pip *across the bridge*, as he left the town (Chap. 30).
10. By *Georgina*, cousin to Miss Havisham, who called her rigidity "*religion*," and her liver "*love*" (Chap. 25).
11. On the road to Paris, under escort—"there was sleep in *Beauvais* that night" (Bk. 3, Chap. 1).
12. *Guard of the Dover Mail*, conversing with coachman, "that's a coincidence too" (Bk. 1, Chap. 2).
13. "A genuine tenderness and delicacy *as old as Adam*" (Bk. 2, Chap. 18).
14. When *Stryver*, conversing with Darnay at Tellson's, referred to the unknown Marquis—"Darn the fellow . . . there is contamination in *such a scoundrel*" (Bk. 2, Chap. 24).
15. *Miss Pross*, so regarded by the domestics, on account of her skill in "*culinary mysteries*."
16. Addressed by Stryver as "*Memory*" (Bk. 2, Chap. 5).
17. *D'Aulnais* (Bk. 2, Chap. 16).
18. "The Divine friend of children . . . seemed to take her child in His arms, as *He took the child of old*" (Bk. 2, Chap. 21).
19. Izaak Walton (Bk. 2, Chap. 14), Ashantee (Bk. 2, Chap. 1), the Lord's Prayer (Bk. 2, Chap. 24), Cathedral of Notre Dame (Bk. 2, Chap. 7; Bk. 3, Chap. 14).
20. *J. Cruncher, log*. "A mother's first duty is *to blow her boy out*." "When you go to Rome, do as Rome does" (Bk. 2, Chap. 14).

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

AS announced last month, the third annual bazaar in aid of the Guild funds will be held at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., on Wednesday, 5 December. The Rev. Canon W. Benham has again kindly promised to preside, and the bazaar will be opened at 3.30 p.m. by another of our Vice-Presidents. Tickets of admission for the opening may be obtained from Miss E. M. Miniken or Mr. J. W. T. Ley at head-quarters, Whitcomb House, at the cost of 1s. each, or those admitting after 7 o'clock at 6d. Gifts of any description towards stocking the stalls will be very welcome, but should be forwarded at once to the Guild Hon. Secretary, c/o Housekeeper, at St. Bride's Institute. A large party representing "Nursery Rhymes" are engaged to dispose of various wares. Father Christmas has promised to appear, and many other attractions will be provided.

AT a "Ladies' night," given in the Great Western Hotel, on 18 November, with Mrs. Yarrow in the chair, a presentation was made to Mr. Yoxall of a complete set of Dickens's works, and to Mrs. Yoxall of a silver Birmingham afternoon tea service, by Mr. Edward J. Timings, as a token of respect and esteem in which they were held by all members of the branch, nearly all of whom had contributed to the fund. Mr. and Mrs. Yoxall, Mr. Timings said, had been so largely responsible for the Birmingham Branch being in its present state of efficiency and excellence that the members desired to show their gratitude, and he hoped Mr. and Mrs. Yoxall would long be spared to act as joint Secretaries, and that the branch, which now numbered nearly 250, would continue to grow in usefulness.

THE first meeting of the new session was held at Steine House, Old Steine, on 3 November. The gathering took the form of a social evening, the

Needlework
and
Charitable
Guild.

Brighton. President being in the chair. Mr. W. Adams opened with an excellent reading from *The Pickwick Papers*, Miss Mabel Russell Davies recited from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Mr. W. F. Fowler followed with the scene between David Copperfield and the waiter, and Mr. Francis J. Gauntlett recited the inquest on the death of Captain Hawdon from *Bleak House*. Miss Alice Halsey completed an excellent programme with a recitation from *Nicholas Nickleby*. During the evening, Mr. Henry Davey, on behalf of the members of the branch, presented Mr. Colin Covell, on his retirement from the post of Honorary Secretary, with a framed address engrossed on parchment and a purse of sovereigns. In making the presentation Mr. Davey alluded to the untiring energy with which Mr. Covell had carried out his duties, and said that he practically founded the branch, and that the success the branch had attained was entirely due to him. Mr. Covell, who was received with loud and prolonged applause, suitably expressed his thanks to the members who had assisted him throughout.

ON 13 November, in connexion with the branch, Mr. Frank Speaight gave, in the Assembly Room of the Market Hall, Chesterfield, a recital of *David Copperfield*. Mr. W. C. Brinson presided, and there was a crowded audience. The recital was followed with rapt attention, and at the close of each of the six chapters into which it was divided the applause was hearty and unrestrained. Unquestionably Mr. Speaight is the cleverest and most versatile exponent of Dickens's works now living, and the local branch of the Fellowship are heartily to be congratulated on having secured his services, and on the success which attended the recital.

THE Dickens Club held its first meeting this year on Thursday night, the 9th, electing James Gorton, President; S. M. Jelley, Vice-President; Miss R. Simons, Recording Secretary; Mrs. A. Schoen, Corresponding Secretary; E. T. Gilbert, Treasurer. E. T. Gilbert, who has been President since the organization of the club, was made permanent Honorary President. Miss Simons' address is 523 W. Congress Street, Chicago. The club, which meets every first and third Thursday nights of the month, at the breakfast room of the Grand Pacific Hotel, has for its object the study of Charles Dickens's works. President Gorton expects this year a membership of 100.

THE opening lecture of the session was delivered on 25 October, in Dowell's Rooms, George Street, by Professor Geddes, the subject being "Dickens as a Sociologist, and the Study of Cities." Sir James Balfour Paul presided over a large gathering. The lecturer held that Dickens based his method on the experiences and observations of the Rochester town life of his boyhood and early manhood. As a sociologist, Dickens was mainly seen after his return from America—when *Bleak House* was written. Dickens had a real insight into the moral and social problems that were engaging the attention of the public of the present day; and while he was a satirist of the narrow parochialism of business life, he was ever rising to a wider social consciousness and strikingly anticipating the views of the present day regarding social science and social psychology.

The first members' night of the session was held in 5 St. Andrew Square. The President occupied the chair, and there was a good attendance. Interesting and instructive papers were read by Miss Janet Anderson and Mr. A. Howie, and a most enjoyable reading, "Boots at the Holly-Tree Inn," was given by Mr. James Dalgleish.

THE inaugural meeting was held in the Earlham Hall, Forest Gate, on 8 November. It took the form of a dramatic recital by Mr. John Toscenie, whose contributions included selections from Wilson Barrett, Jerome, and Dickens. Every item was received with unstinted applause by a large audience, and Madame Lena Michelbacher and Mrs. Arthur Davies were each encored.

THE monthly meeting of the branch took place at the Town Hall on 15 November. A discussion on *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* was opened by Mr. Frank Boorman, who restricted his arguments to the Gravesend point as to whether Drood was murdered by Jasper, and set forth cogent reasons to justify his coming to the conclusion that such was the fate of Edwin. Mr. H. A. Waldegrave contended that the mystery lay in the identity of Datchery and the method in which the murder was brought home to Jasper. Mr. Barlow, Miss Beamish, Messrs. Mullender and Beamish, and the Chairman took part in the discussion which followed. Miss Barlow, the branch delegate to the Conference, gave a brief résumé of the doings of the Conference.

THE annual meeting of the Hastings and St. Leonards Branch was held at the Queen's Hotel on 25 October, presided over by Mr. E. E. Clark. Mr. Wilson Crowdson, J.P., was re-elected President, and Mr. Hastings. Harvey du Cros, M.P., Vice-President; Messrs. W. W. Hoad and F. W. Tyler, Secretary and Treasurer respectively. Many expressions of appreciation for the excellent, energetic, and efficient manner Mr. Hoad had done the work which fell upon his shoulders during the past year, were made. After giving donations to local charities the branch showed a balance. Musical items and readings filled up the rest of the evening.

THE Hull Branch had a splendid meeting on 12 October, when they assembled to hear their President (Mr. Mortimer Petty, B.A.) on *Domby and Son*, an exposition and a study which was greatly appreciated. During the evening Mr. Ellison, the Secretary, read two letters of congratulation on the success of the Hull Branch from Bransby Williams and Martin Harvey (Vice-Presidents). Mr. Harvey wrote: "Pray greet the members of the Fellowship in my name on Friday evening. I wish it were possible for me to be with you. As I look at the little medallion which you have placed on the front of your syllabus, I cannot help reflecting how proud the 'great man,' whose services were devoted to the 'humanities,' would have been, could he ever have known how broadly the Fellowship has sown the seeds of his teaching."

On 2 November Mr. Barry gave some selections from *Sketches by Boz*; on 16 November Mr. R. J. Burden lectured on "Dickens and his Birthplace," giving some very interesting reminiscences of Portsmouth, and some dramatic readings from *Nicholas Nickleby*.

THE winter session was opened at the Church Institute, when Mr. Beacock, the newly elected President, presided over a well-attended meeting, called to hear a paper written by Mr. A. P. Snodgrass, entitled *The Dramatic Instinct: Its Aspirations, its Development, and its Influence on the Mind of Charles Dickens*. Owing to the illness of the author the paper was read by Mr. H. P. Snodgrass. Mr. Snodgrass expounded at some length the nature of the dramatic instinct, and then traced its rise in the mind of savages and children, through Greek and Roman channels, to a brief but highly entertaining review of the history of the English drama and its exponents down to Charles Dickens. After treating at some length the partiality "Boz" always evinced for things dramatic, he skilfully reviewed Dickens's efforts both as playwright and amateur actor.

At the meeting held at the Church Institute, on 8 November, Mr. F. G. Jackson read a most interesting paper full of research on "Dickens and the Stage." He dealt with the dramatized novel in regard to Dickens, and touched upon the dramatists and actors in each, both in connexion with this and other countries. He also dwelt upon the difficulty the novels of Dickens presented to the dramatist, and reviewed those plays Dickens himself was author of.

THE first whist drive of the present session was held in the Edinburgh Café. Members and friends to the number of 148 spent a highly enjoyable evening. Refreshments were served at the close of play, and an hour was spent in pleasant social intercourse, after which the prizes, of which there were eight, were distributed by Mr. Edgar Browne, M.R.C.S., with many humorous comments.

The bi-monthly meeting of the branch was held in the Common Hall, Hackins Hey, on Wednesday evening. There was a good attendance of members and friends. Mr. J. Marriott presided, and the entertainment consisted of a recital from memory of several serious and humorous pieces, both prose and poetical, from English and American writers, by Mr. W. Bennett, a veteran Liverpool elocutionist, who exercises his undoubted gifts entirely for the good of charitable and social organizations. Each item was well received.

THE annual meeting of the Sheffield Branch of the Dickens Fellowship was held on 23 October in the Cutlers' Hall. The retiring President (Rev. Sheffield.

V. W. Pearson) was in the chair. The balance sheet showed there was a sum of £20 in hand, as compared with £13 last year, and the Hon. Secretary (Mr. T. W. Padmore) explained in his report that £30 was spent at Christmas time on 900 dinners and 250 teas for poor children. The membership at the close of the year was 573, an increase of 129 compared with the previous year's total. The branch was the second largest in the kingdom, Portsmouth taking first place. The report and balance sheet were adopted. Mr. R. W. Dodsworth was elected President, and Mr. T. W. Padmore was re-elected Hon. Secretary; with Messrs. C. R. Smith and C. W. Darwin as Assistant Secretaries. Miss L. H. Rhodes was re-elected Hon. Treasurer, and Mrs. T. H. Darskett Hon. Secretary of the Dramatic Society.

The branch continues to show gratifying evidence of vitality. At the Cutlers' Hall, on 16 November, the first social meeting of the current session was held. The President, Mr. R. W. Dodsworth, occupied the chair, and Mr. C. R. Smith had arranged the evening's programme. This included his own recitation of the "Death of Jo." Miss H. Roberts recited "The Gift of the Gods," and Miss Agnes Skidmore gave "Mr. Bumble's Proposal to Mrs. Corney." Mr. W. H. Williams recited "Bob Sawyer's Party," and Mr. Foster contributed a reading from *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

THE first fortnightly meeting of the session was held at St. Alkmund's Room on Friday, 26 October, under the presidency of Mr. W. L. Booth; there was a good attendance. Several new members were elected, including some ladies. Most interesting selections from *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Tale of Two Cities* were well rendered by the President and Mr. George Edwards respectively, and both readers were rewarded with hearty votes of thanks.

THE second meeting was held on 19 November. Two excellent items were: a recitation by Miss Daisy Young, "Old Fezziwig's Ball," and a reading by Mr. E. Vineer, "The Flight of Little Em'ly." Miss V. Hancock, Southampton. Miss Vineer, and Miss M. Collis were responsible for the music. The chief feature of the evening was the Rev. W. A. C. Chevalier's paper: "Shakespeare and Charles Dickens as Men of Affairs—a parallel," which will appear in an early number of *The Dickensian*.

AT the last meeting of the Stockport Branch, Mr. W. Hatfield read a paper on "The Originals of some of Dickens's Characters." It was most interesting and instructive, and was freely interspersed with humorous quotations from Dickens. Mr. Hatfield held that most of the characters were types founded upon real personages, and many used to pillory actual people in the great social reform scheme of the novelist. Mr. W. Hatfield presided.

THE Toronto Branch commenced its season with an informal dinner at the St. Charles' Restaurant on 15 October. There was a large attendance. The branch has a membership now of over 200, and has been doing excellent work in the spirit of the rules. The Dickens Cot founded by the branch in the Home for Incurables is now occupied by a little black child. Mr. Goldwin Smith was elected Honorary President, and Mr. E. S. Williamson, President. An interesting programme was contributed throughout the evening.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

- December 3. Brixton Branch: Evening arranged by Mr. J. Skeen, at Brixton Independent Church, at 8.
- " Blackheath Branch: Entertainment at St. Swithin's Men's Club, Higher Green.
- " 4. Liverpool Branch: Annual Dance at Assembly Rooms.
- " 5. Needlework and Charitable Guild Bazaar at St. Bride's Institute, at 3.30.
- " 6. Edinburgh Branch: "A Tour through Spain," by Mr. W. B. Miller, at St. Andrew Square, at 8.
- " 7. Manchester Branch: Recital, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, by Mr. John Harwood, at Portico Library, at 7.30.
- Birmingham Branch: Dramatic Performance of *The Battle of Life*, at Great Western Hotel, at 8.
- Sheffield Branch: Smoking Concert, at Victoria Station Hotel, at 7.30.
- Shrewsbury Branch: Meeting at Alkmund's Room, at 8.
- " 8. Blackheath Branch: Lantern Lecture, "Dickens in Dickens-land," by Mr. J. E. Palmer, at Trinity Schools, Charlton.
- " 12. Liverpool Branch: Lecture by Dr. C. A. Hill.
- " 13. Stockwell: Lantern Lecture, "Dickens in Dickens-land," by Mr. J. E. Palmer, at St. Andrew's Lecture Hall, at 8.
- Leeds Branch: Miscellany Night, at Church Institute, at 8.
- Forest Gate Branch: "Dickens as a Social Reformer," by Mr. J. P. Gillett, at Earlham Hall, at 8.
- " 14. Hull Branch: "Dickens and his Latest Biographer," by Mr. J. V. Rogerson, at Albion Rooms, at 8.
- Brighton Branch: *Hard Times*, by the President, at 8.
- Winnipeg Branch: Discussion on *Pickwick Papers*.
- " 17. Brixton Branch: Reading, *The Chimes*, by Mr. R. Allbut, at Independent Church, at 8.
- Southampton Branch: Christmas Address by the President, and Readings by Members, at Kell Hall, at 8.
- " 18. West London Branch: Meeting at Municipal Buildings, Ealing, at 8.
- Edinburgh Branch: Christmas Entertainment, at 5 St. Andrew Square, at 8.
- " 21. Shrewsbury Branch: Meeting, at Alkmund's Room, at 8.
- " 28. Hull Branch: "Some Religious Characters in Dickens," by Rev. J. G. Patton, at Albion Rooms, at 8.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS, &c.

Stories from Dickens. By J. Walker McSpadden. With illustrations by Victor S. Prout. London: G. G. Harrap & Co. 2s. 6d. net.

Literary London. By Elsie M. Lang. With an introduction by G. K. Chesterton and forty-two photos by W. J. Roberts. London: T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.

The Speeches of Charles Dickens. With a portrait. London: Chatto and Windus. 2s. net, cloth; 3s. net, leather.

A Christmas Carol and *The Cricket on the Hearth.* Heinemann's Favourite Classics. 6d. net each.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"At the Sign of St. Paul's" (Chesterton's *Dickens*). By Andrew Lang. *Illustrated London News*, 3 November.

"In Dickens's City: Rochester and Pickwick." *Christian World*, 8 November.

"David Copperfield." *Factory Times*, 13 November.

"The Reasons Dickens is Neglected." *New York Literary Digest*, 27 October.

"Dickens: Mistakes about his Characters." *Notes and Queries*, 27 October.

"The Dickens Fellowship" (column). *Calcutta Englishman*, 19 October and (?) 26 October.

"Books and Bookmen" (Popularity of Dickens). *Manchester Guardian*, 20 October.

"Muffs and Crumpets." By S. J. Adair Fitzgerald (with portrait). *The Crown*, 27 October.

"Local Dickens Exhibition." *Manchester Courier*, 27 October, and *Manchester City News*, 27 October.

"Dickens Fellowship Conference." *Manchester Guardian*, *Manchester Courier* (and leader), *Manchester Dispatch*, *Manchester Daily Mail*, *Liverpool Post*, 29 October; *Manchester City News*, 3 November.

"A Dickens Statue." By O. Sack. *Manchester City News*, 10 November.

"Charles Dickens." *Brighton Sussex Daily News*, 7 November.

"Charles Dickens, Novelist." *Sheffield Weekly Telegraph*, 10 November.

"Charles Dickens and Henry Burnett." *Keen's Bath Journal*, 10 November.

"Pilgrims of London." By Arnold White. *Daily Chronicle*, 15 November. Letter, 17 November.

"Dickens and Yorkshire Schools." *Notes and Queries*, 10 November.

"The National Edition of Dickens." Special articles, *Daily Telegraph*, 24 October; *Daily Graphic*, 14 November; *Athenæum*, 27 October; *Westminster Gazette*, 10 November; *World*, 30 October; *Manchester City News*, 17 November; *British Weekly*, 18 October.

THE REVIEWER REVIEWED.

To the Editor of "The Dickensian."

DEAR SIR,—In the interesting article by Mr. A. J. Philip—"Blunders of Dickens and his Illustrators," appearing in your November number, a paragraph is quoted having Mr. Fitzgerald's name attached. With best respect to that gentleman, I beg to venture a brief demur.

"Mr. Jingle's anachronism of the French Revolution of July"—1830—"And so it now stands." But, for very many years past, a foot-note has been added to the narrative (chap. II), referring to Mr. Jingle's "*prophetic force of imagination*" in this regard; and thus attention has been fairly directed to the error.

Again, a *lapsus memoriae* has surely occurred anent the final statement of the paragraph referred to; or, it may be possible that our amiable P.P. has intended a pleasant joke on younger Dickensians. The date given—1 April—is certainly suggestive. Note story of the memorable trial as contained in Chapter XXXIV, and compare.

Yours in fellowship,

KAY WHITE.

12 November, 1906.

DEAR SIR,—In page 295, line 6 from bottom, for 1 April, read 14 February. See *Pickwick Papers*, Chapter XXXIII. "The morning of the thirteenth of February, . . . the day immediately preceding that which was appointed for the trial of Mrs. Bardell's action, . . ."

Yours faithfully,

F. G. INGPEN.

11 November, 1906.

